

LESBIAN, GAY, BISEXUAL

S P E C I A L • I S S U E



Volume 82 • Number 69

THE MCGILL DAILY

February 11, 1993

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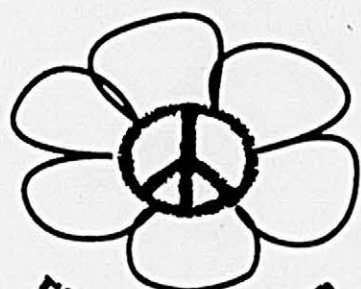
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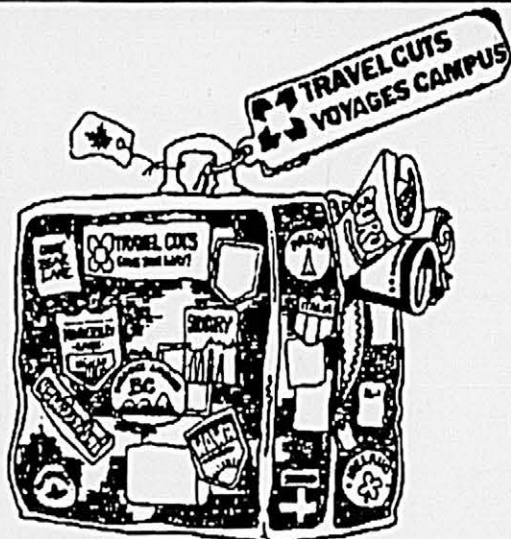
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"Hapsburg Dilemmas and Options: Malinowski and Wittgenstein."
Lecture presented to the Departments of Philosophy and Anthropology on Monday, February 15, 1993, 1:30 p.m., Arts Council Room, Arts Building, Room 160.

"Nationalism and Post-Communism." Lecture presented to the Departments of Sociology and Political Science on Wednesday, February 17, 1993, 2:00 p.m., Arts Council Room, Arts Building, Room 160.

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YOU CAN'T PROVE IT...

The following scenario is one that queers see played out many times. And it's usually not among homophobic bible-thumpers or beer-crazed hockey players. It's usually while they are among straight friends.

You open up your mouth and start to talk about how Richard Gere, Rob Lowe, Eleanor Roosevelt, Tracy Chapman, David Bowie, Iman or any other is queer, and immediately, someone is jumping down your throat.

The first line of defense is the argument "You can't prove it". If you find the appropriate source, or refer them to certain interesting circumstances (Rob's video sex scandal surfaced at the same time rumours concerning his sexuality were running rife in Hollywood).

They respond to this with the following "They're probably bisexual, or, they're *married*". Come on, most straight celeb marriages are ones of convenience. Where does that leave closet queer marriages?

And while bisexuality is a very important part of being queer, it is often used by straights to explain or validate a person's behavior (Hey, it's alright if she does women, she'll get married someday). Bisexuality is not a means to "Get some extra" on the way to straight heaven, it means being attracted to BOTH sexes.

The point here is that your open, understanding friends are doing anything possible to try and deny queerness. If your straight friends truly don't care about your sexuality, then they shouldn't care if their role models and icons are labeled queer either.

This latent homophobia must be addressed if queers are ever to be recognized as equal productive members of society. We mustn't assume Heterosexuality, even among the cultural elite. Because when we stop assuming it, entertainment moguls will stop marketing it, and queers will finally be able to grow up without the closet that many of them keep all their lives.

And it's true, I can't prove that Richard Gere is gay. But the point is that I shouldn't have to. It shouldn't matter.

James Forbes
Kristen Hutchinson
LGB Special Issue Co-ordinators

FAG-BASHING GERT'S PATRONS

Queers are faced with the threat of discrimination and violence on a daily basis. But often when entering a queer bar or participating in a queer function we relax. For a few hours at least, the threat goes away. We feel secure having people around us who are just like us. What few queers realize is that this sense of security is never real. Last Friday's Lesbians Bisexuals and Gays of McGill (LBGM) dance is a case in point.

The dance was held in the ballroom a full three floors away from a bunch of disapproving Gert's patrons. Obviously it wasn't far enough for some. As the evening wore on, the guys from Gert's appeared to be causing enough of a commotion that Gert's management requested that we delay the end of the dance an extra half an hour (until after Gert's closed) to avoid a confrontation. LBGM considered making an announcement until it became clear that this might not be such a good idea. A lot of fags bash back.

I decided to go downstairs to the lobby to take down an LBGM poster to avoid bringing the dance to the attention of any other hateful Gert's patrons — as if the poster was still there! Obviously it had been torn down by people who hope that beating up on a bunch of fags will make us just go away and never come around these parts again.

This is just one example of the type of threats to our safety and well-being we as queers face on a daily basis. The heterosexist society in which we all live has made many queers feel apprehensive about showing affection for each other in public. The reasons for this are rooted in both a socialized self-hatred and a legitimate fear of violence. A queer dance is a place where we thought we could be ourselves without worries. Apparently not.

Andrew Nichols

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LGB STUDIES

COMING OUT IN A CLASSROOM NEAR YOU

by David D'Andrea

Students are organizing to make lesbian, bisexual, gay studies a reality at McGill, despite the University's conservative stance.

The LBG studies coalition, hopes to push McGill to implement some specific LBG courses, and to include LBG material in courses wherever appropriate. Several projects are planned in support of the group's efforts, including a petition expressing support for queer studies, and a pamphlet or short video for use during orientation of new students. In addition, students' experiences with homophobia on campus will be discussed.

"I am personally sick and tired of having to go up to my profs to tell them that they have to include positive references to homosexuality, because we're either mentioned negatively or we're not mentioned at all. I'm just tired of being ignored," said Jeff Cluett, co-coordinator of LBG.

"If there was a lot of student pressure, the University would have to do something, but most students don't seem to realize they have this power," said Judith Marshall, coordinator of the LBG studies coalition.

Another group that is currently starting up, is aimed at providing support for students (especially at the graduate level) who are researching LBG-related topics.

Students interested in such research face serious obstacles.

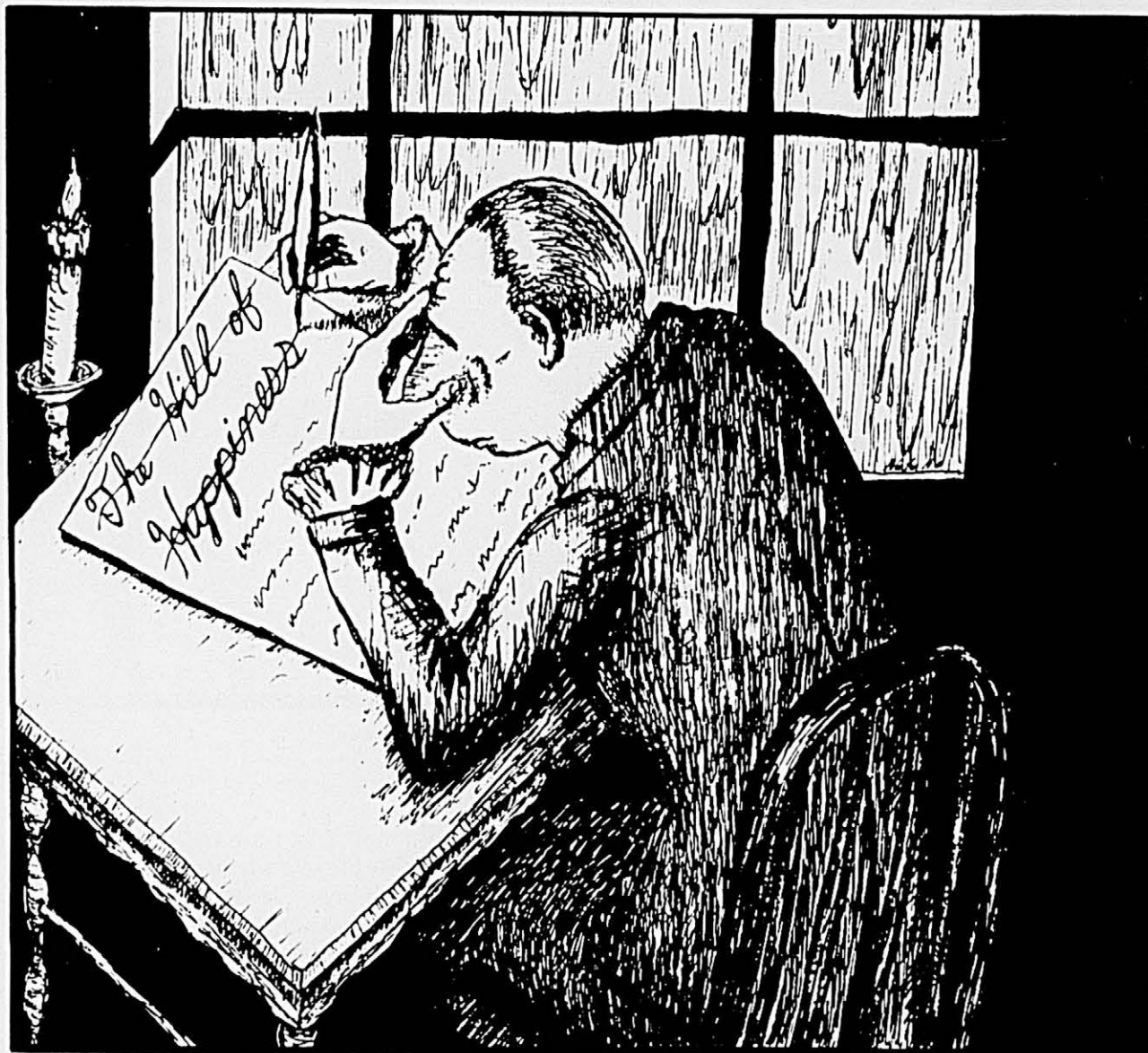
"Part of the problem is that if one person stands up to do research, they can be ghettoized. Pressure to conform, compounded by a general unwillingness on the part of faculty to come out and support LBG research, perpetuates this chronic problem," said Marshall.

In addition to providing visibility and solidarity to those engaged in LBG research, the group also serves as a centre for discussion of recent papers in the field, and for the dissemination of information particular to LBG research.

"There are a lot of methodological issues, for example, that are specific to the LBG population, and which are just being ignored at this time. Hopefully, that will change," said Marshall.

"Hopefully, through this group LBG studies will be validated; that within the University setting people will realize they're allowed to study this. That's the issue."

The ultimate goal of the LBG studies coalition would be the recognition of an interdisciplinary program in



In a dark mood Radclyffe rewrote much of her book.

LBG studies. Supporters seemed pessimistic about the short-term feasibility of such a project.

"It's like Africana studies: it's necessary. It's just that McGill seems to shy away from anything progressive," said student Isabelle Fieschi.

There is a Lesbian Studies Coalition at Concordia which has lobbied the administration with some success to implement courses relevant to lesbians. This semester a course is being offered at the Simone de Beauvoir Institute about black lesbian culture. In addition, a

lesbian and gay film course is also offered.

La Vie en Rose, the first lesbian and gay studies conference in Quebec was held in November at Concordia and UQAM.

The LBG advocacy group holds its next meeting on Thursday, February 18th, at 5:30, in the Alley.

The research group holds its next meeting February 11th (today), at 7:30, in the 3rd floor council room at Thompson House.

EARLY INTERVENTION AND HIV TESTING

by Glenn Holman

Most of us have considered the possibility of taking an HIV antibody test at some point. For people who are HIV positive and do not know it, testing is the first step towards adequate medical attention.

Until recently, the prevailing attitude was that it hardly mattered whether one tested positive for HIV or not as there was little one could do about it. Further, many fear, and perhaps justifiably, the stigma surrounding the disease and would rather remain in ignorance than face discrimination and alienation. (I recall this asshole cruising a queer warehouse party wearing a shirt that read "AIDS FREE BODY").

Neither of these are reasons to avoid taking the initiative. The conception of HIV is in the process of changing from that of a primarily terminal illness to a more chronic or manageable condition. AZT for example has shown itself to have life-extending capabilities when administered in the early stages. The drug seems to be beneficial when one starts AZT treatment before any symptoms have manifested themselves. Although not a cure, AZT can slow the progression of the disease.

SP, who recently started the drug, believes that he is buying time. "I'm confident that it will add a number of

healthy years to my life."

After his T4 cells (the cells infected and killed by the HIV virus which act as an "on switch" for the immune system) had dropped below 500, a critical level, he decided to begin the therapy.

As far as the stigma associated with being HIV positive is concerned, Montréalers are able to receive free anonymous HIV testing at CLSC Metro and Centre Ville. Anonymity helps to further protect against discrimination and allows an individual to "come out" as HIV positive at their own pace.

Initiating a test involves a single phone call. Upon



visiting the clinic, one receives consultation including risk assessment and safer sex information before testing. An appointment is made for about three or four weeks later at which time the results are discussed.

Counselling before and after the test helps one to understand the test process and the significance of the results. The most crucial issue to think about in advance is how to face a positive test result. Ensuring that adequate emotional support systems exist is essential in coping the concomitant anxieties.

There are a variety of services at the disposal of someone who does test positive. SP has seen a nutritionist at the CLSC and receives regular counselling at the Comité SIDA à Montréal (CSAM). "The atmosphere there is more relaxed and informal than at the CLSC. I can just relax and chat," SP said. He is currently considering joining a support group for HIV positive people.

Despite the obvious stress of testing positive, early detection allows for the opportunity to start medical action to control the virus and prevent illness, offering one the best chance for the optimum quality of life.

For testing or information call, AIDS Intervention Centre, CLSC Metro 934-0552, CSAM 282-9888, Centre d'Action SIDA pour femmes, 954-0170.

CHATTING WITH MARY MEIGS

by Jeanna Steele

To most, the name Mary Meigs recalls the film *In the Company of Strangers*. Released in 1990, it documents Meig's book of the same name. About a group of older women stranded in the forest alone, it is a testament to their survival.

Meigs cites it as an important vehicle for lesbian visibility, as well as serving for a reference source for women unsure about their sexuality.

Because the queer community has an overwhelming tendency to focus on its young adults, its older members are often forgotten as important links and active members of the community.

While she does not see herself as being active in the queer community, her perspective offers insight into the lack of communication between the generations and the importance of the contributions of older lesbians, gays and bisexuals to the survival of the community.

Daily: At what age were you first aware of your sexual orientation?

Mary Meigs: I didn't know a thing about my sexual orientation. In those days lesbians didn't admit it for a long time, I didn't know until my twenties.

Daily: What triggered your ability to admit or identify it?

MM: I fell in love with another woman. I didn't call myself a lesbian at that point. My generation avoided that word for a long time.

Daily: How did you come to make a connection between your feelings and lesbianism?

MM: I just knew that I was apt to fall in love with other women, I didn't know of any other lesbians.

Daily: So there wasn't any context for you to talk about it except with the woman you fell in love with?

MM: No, and not for her either, in fact she turned out not to be a lesbian.

Daily: If it wasn't recognized, how did you cope with the lack of role models in solidifying your identity?

MM: It was extremely hard. It's funny, I wasn't among the pioneer lesbians like Radcliffe Hall or the others who wrote books, and it really wasn't until the sixties that I was brave enough to admit I was a lesbian.

Daily: By that time you had moved to Montréal?

MM: No, I was in Cape Cod, not very far from Provincetown.

Daily: Did you find any kind of welcoming community there?

MM: Well, not really. I was living with a woman, but we were in a straight community of writers and artists, not lesbians. At least we didn't have any lesbian friends.

Daily: What was the reaction when you told people or they found out about it?

MM: I didn't tell anyone, they could form their own conclusions. When I come to think of it, it was very strange then. We were perfectly visible, but we were hiding, although not in a real sense. I'm not sure I received any direct reaction to my face, but I certainly was afraid of it, awfully afraid.

Daily: So when you walked down the street together did you hold hands?

MM: Goodness no. I didn't begin all that until ever so much later. Until I got up here.

Daily: So there was no community of acceptance at Cape Cod at this time?

MM: There certainly wasn't. On the contrary. I mean, they accepted Barbara and I as a couple, so to speak, but they were very jumpy about the idea of lesbians; judgements were hidden.

Daily: It was very hard for you to come out then.

MM: Yes, it was very hard. I didn't know what was waiting for me out there when I wrote and published my first book in 1981. I was really terrified of the reaction, and was surprised when everybody was extremely nice to me, in particular my family.

Daily: Was the book the first time you mentioned your sexuality to your family?

MM: Oh yes. My brothers, to my surprise, were quite enthusiastic about the book, or at least they wrote me nice letters. My sister was rather anxious about the whole thing because she's a twin. I guess it seemed to implicate her. I guess that's probably a common reac-

tion among siblings.

Daily: Was there a time you remember being treated unfairly because of your sexual orientation?

MM: No, never, but I've always been independant in the sense that I haven't had a job so nobody could put pressure on me. I think that being a lesbian gave me much more freedom to work to be an artist.

Daily: Why?

MM: Because I had more time. Married women have had very little time of their own, particularly when their children were small. I had almost all my time.

Daily: Did you feel greater acceptance as you grew older?

MM: Yes, I think people probably assume if you're 75, that you don't act like a lesbian anymore, you're somehow automatically dignified or something.

Daily: Do you feel that there is a politically active older generation of lesbians?

MM: In the States, there's an organization called Old Lesbians Organizing committee, who are very active.

They are having a march in Washington at some point.

Daily: What do you think of the conflicts that arise between lesbianism and religion?

MM: I don't see how women can reconcile being a lesbian and being very active in a church. Many churches don't completely disown us, but many of their members would like to.

Daily: What future do you see for the lesbian community?

MM: Well, it's splintered in ways that I hadn't visualized. When we started it seems to me that there was a lot more solidarity and a real sense of sisterhood, which may have been artificial. We didn't have nearly as much sense of our differences as lesbians today. I think people have started to assert class, culture and racial differences. We are also being divided by a whole spectrum of ways of being sexual.

Meig's books are available at L'Androgyne, and in the McClennan library. The above mentioned march is scheduled for Sunday, April 25th.

JODIE & RICHARD



by Stephen Watt

Sommersby is about deception, and the masking of private identity. This is true both of the film itself, and of the circumstances surrounding its production.

The film is set in the American South, at the time of the Reconstruction. The Civil War has just ended when Jack Sommersby, (Richard Gere), returns to his home town in Tennessee. Jack's friends and acquaintances give him a hero's welcome, yet his wife seems less than delighted to have Jack back.

Her reserve is understandable. Jack's been gone a long time. In the seven years since he left to fight in the war, Laure Sommersby (Jodie Foster) has raised a son, managed a plantation, and fallen in love.

Laure's doubts come to the surface when Jack is charged with a murder, committed during the time he was abroad. In the court case that ensues, Laure admits to the judge (James Earle Jones) that she doesn't believe that Jack is really is her husband at all.

Ok, so the movie has a dumb premise. But *Sommersby* is not actually as flaky as it may sound. The character that Jodie Foster plays, for instance, is more than the sum of her petticoats. Laure Sommersby uses her limited means to get what she wants, without sacrificing her self-respect. She isn't forced to faint, or roll down any staircases, as she might have been in a more traditional American production.

But then again, *Sommersby* isn't really American at all. It's French; a rip off of *The Return of Martin Guerre*, which came out a few years ago, with the ubiquitous Gérard Depardieu in the title role.

All this saves *Sommersby* from being yet another flat

mainstream melodrama. Plus the fact that Jodie Foster is superb. Her job is to act tense, and she succeeds admirably, sustaining an atmosphere of foreboding throughout the film. Richard Gere is ornamental by comparison.

The true test of Foster's talents comes in the much-touted love scenes. They couldn't have been too easy. Gere may have a leontine visage, but he's not a sexy guy. He's aging, for one thing (he must be at least fifteen years older than Jodie) and he's not in the greatest shape.

I found it hard enough to look at his doughy physique. Jodie has to touch it, to wrap herself all over it. Somehow, she manages to make it through these tender moments without cringing. In fact, she looks like she's having the time of her life.

Which brings me to the real point of this review. Gere and Foster are both queer. This is not new news; it's one of those grave secrets that everybody knows.

"So what if they're gay?" you say. And in a way, their private lives are irrelevant to a discussion of the film. For there are no gays or lesbians in *Sommersby* itself.

But this is exactly the problem. When it comes to queers, Hollywood is in an alarming state of denial; there are simply no gay-oriented movies coming out of the major studios. You may be able to find the occasional fag or dyke, but these are always the minor characters. And they are almost always the bad guys.

For this reason, queer actors and actresses, like Gere and Foster, can't really be blamed for always taking straight roles. They have little choice. What self-respecting queer would agree to play a deranged child molester, or an ice pick-wielding psycho bitch? The problem lies, not with the person acting in the film, but with the film itself.

Or more specifically, with the movie industry. If the productions coming out of Hollywood often have a certain nasty, propagandistic feel, it's no wonder. The major studios are run like fascist regimes.

Freedom of expression is unheard of; the hopeful filmmaker is given a choice between doing a movie which has already proved itself in a foreign market, or to submitting to the rigors of the System, to contrived cinematic formulae and boardroom debates. Either way, the final product is bound to be as tasteless and uninspired as the straight audience for which it is designed.

Of course, the cure for Hollywood's creative bankruptcy is sitting right under its nose. There must be thousands of gays and lesbians working for the major studios. People with titillating tales to tell.

The world has had enough of action flicks, and weepy melodramas, of juvenile exercises in ideological justification. The time has come for the queer Hollywood movie. Time for all those queers enslaved by the movie industry to shrug off their chains - and save us all from being bored to death.

BASHING BACK

by Shawn M. Ellis



Bashing. A word that instantly causes reaction. A constant and present fear in the minds of many gay, lesbian and bisexual people. It can also allow for indifference, a potentially harmful mind set.

It's not my purpose to inflict fear, but it is my purpose to say that this is a very present reality. For me, statistics and figures only tell part of the story. They

do not relay the emotional turmoil that occurs when someone is bashed. While my experience is truly my own, I have heard of many other similar experiences.

The actual event does cause shock, fear, anger, confusion and helplessness. But the real trauma occurs later, in retrospect, when all is said and done, when your life continues.

In August of 1990, as my date and I left Rumors, the local queer bar in Halifax, and started to walk home, we were being followed by someone waiting just outside the doors. At first I thought it was only a coincidence. But as we reached a deserted section of the street the person following us increased his pace.

Grabbing my date, he started mouthing off about how "faggots were pathetic and worthless" and how we

"deserved what we got." Then he started pushing Keven, my date, around saying he was going to get it for staring at him in the bar. When we started to rationalize with him, explaining that in fact that aside from not looking at him, we didn't even see him in the bar, (as we were too busy being nervous during our first date), his aggression increased. He started throwing punches at Keven, cursing and swearing about "fags dying." When I told him finally to "fuck off and leave us alone", he caught me off guard and made a direct hit with his right fist on my left jaw.

Something in me snapped. Obviously civilized, rational thought was beyond this guy's grasp. And before I knew it, I had stabbed him. (When you live in a neighbourhood where the building next to you is a crack house, the apartment next to you also sells drugs and a pimp and prostitutes live underneath you, you learn to defend yourself.) This was obviously a message he understood. He quickly retreated and that was our chance to escape as well.

We quickly decided against going to the police, as two friends of mine were unfortunate to have done and were swiftly put in the drunk tank, case closed. We decided to retreat to my apartment. When we arrived, I called the club and informed them of the incident, and cautioned them to watch the doors.

That was the end of it or so I thought. In the next few days a constant fear overwhelmed me. I was always looking over my shoulder, thinking every person walking behind me was going to attack me. Something had changed in my mind. I was now a victim, a statistic. I felt

that I was now a walking target for discrimination and hatred, a feeling which has taken two years to quiet.

That one moment had undone something that had taken me years to accomplish. It had put me back in my "closet" and the door was shutting. It had inflicted a sense of helplessness and uncomfortable feelings that shut me back off from life.

I felt no longer free to be myself, to exist without fear. No longer could I go to Rumors and see my friends, no longer could I enjoy the company of what I thought was a "safe haven" for queer people.

It wasn't until the following summer that I could, once again, return to the bar, and not without a large group of friends. I could arrive or leave by myself. Even then during those times I still felt a physical sickness that was hard to quell. My life had slowly started to move on, the closet door reopened.

In October 1991, I moved to Montreal and was overwhelmed with the openness and acceptance of gays, lesbians and bisexuals. But slowly and surely those opinions stopped. I would hear stories of attacks and the constantly mentioned sex garage riot as well as recent events like the murder in Angrignon park.

While I do not condone violence, I do believe in self defense. Perhaps I made an error in not reporting what happened to me to the police. It's too late for me since I've moved away, but it's not too late for those of you who have had similar experiences. There is a group trying to convince the Quebec Human Rights Commission to hold a public inquiry into violence and discrimination against the gay, lesbian and bisexual community. If you have experienced discrimination, you should call the Centre Communautaire Gai et Lesbienne du Montreal at 528-8424 from 10h00 to 22h00.

BOOKS BY BI'S

Bi Any Other Name: Bisexual People Speak Out. Edited by Loraine Hutchins and Lani Kaahumanu, Boston: Alyson Publications, 1983.

Lani Kaahumanu and Loraine Hutchins' *Bi Any Other Name* is a must for those who long to discover a bisexual community. In a world where bisexual literature is not always easy to come by, this anthology provides us with much appreciated writings that help affirm the fact that both a bisexual community and movement do exist and are alive and well.

Bi Any Other Name focuses on four different issues. In the first section, Kaahumanu and Hutchins' compile writings that grapple with the negative myths and stereotypes of bisexuality. Myths such as "bisexuals are necessarily promiscuous" and "bisexuals are fence-sitters" are examined and effectively disproven.

A look into the lives of twenty one bisexual women and men further enables us to understand what bisexuality means and how it shapes many people's lives.

Carol A. Queen writes about being queer. "It is the queer in me that empowers, that lets me see those lines and burns to cross them; that lets me question the lies we all were told about women are, who men are, how we may properly interact."

"The queer in all of us clamors for pleasure and change, will not be tamed or regulated, wants a say in the creation of a new reality."

The main focus of the second section, entitled "Spirituality: Healing the Splits," is on homophobia and surviving in a society which dictates norms with which we do not identify.

The reader is presented with several coming out stories, and can watch as lives change as a consequence. Annie Sprinkle gives us with a guide to heal ourselves and our sex lives in thirteen easy steps. For example, step one: honor your sexuality and realize its incredible worth. Step four: Abstinence can be dangerous to your health. Step six: Redefine your concept of sex. Step twelve: Make time for enjoying sex.

In the third section, a series of twenty four essays examine the concept of community and point out that, without it there can be no liberation. The idea that no bisexual community exists is proven wrong. Hutchins and Kaahumanu argue that many of bisexuals have "accepted" invisibility instead of "creating a prominent community that even the most virulent biphobes would have to recognize" because we are living under bisexual oppression. The writings which follow their introduction support this idea and provide bisexuals

with much needed reassurance and empowerment.

The topic of political activism is covered in the last section. The writings in this section focus on a movement for bisexual liberation and the formation of effective strategies for the years to come. More importantly, though, bisexual oppression is shown to also be lesbian and gay oppression, a fact that cannot be ignored, one which can only serve to unite and help us.

On the other hand, the fact that bisexuals are also a "constituency within heterosexuality" is not ignored either; it makes up part of our identity. To disregard that is as destructive as deny-

Biotypes
ing the connection between bisexuals' oppression and lesbian and gay oppression. The overall goal described in these writings involves transcending oppression and constantly re-evaluating strategies in order to enable us all to work together.

This anthology enables bisexuals to feel a sense of belonging and empowerment which can only come for numbers. The different experiences and opinions compiled in *Bi Any Other Name* enrich our understanding of what it is to be bisexual.

— reviewed by Desea Trujillo

Closer to Home: Bisexuality and Feminism. Edited by Elizabeth Reba Weise, The Seal Press, 1992.

Closer to Home is a combination of theoretical and personal essays by women about bisexuality and its links with feminism. It tells the stories of women who have gone from a heterosexual, lesbian or asexual identity to a bisexual one as well as women who have always felt they were bisexual.

Wiese writes of the book, "These essays describe the varying realities of how we as bisexual women live our lives and try to make sense of them. Some are written from an intensely personal space, doing the truth-telling that will allow the theory we need to understand how cultural expectations influence us. Each helps to define the pluralism

that is our lives."

The book is divided into three sections; definitions, principles and practice and the question of community. The first section challenges the stereotypes that have been imposed on bisexuals. The writers strive to define themselves and to discuss what the implications of a bisexual identity is on their lives and political views.

For example, Elizabeth McKeon writes of her experience as a bisexual "underclass" woman and discusses how class plays an important role in identity. She also speaks of working through the exclusion of bisexuals in the lesbian

by B. Weise and C. Smelser



movement. "As a working class woman, I have found it ironic to be criticized for sleeping with the oppressor when the men I grew up with had little oppressive power beyond their white privilege."

The second section on principles and practices shows how women are bringing their feminist principles into their relationships be they with women or men. Several essays discuss the trials and tribulations of being bisexual in a heterosexual relationship.

"My challenge in relating to men has been to find a way to honour and act on those attractions outside of socialized gender patterns. I bring certain of those patterns of relationships," says McKeon

Several essays also deal with non-monogamous relationships. "Nonmonogamous bisexuality adds fluidity," writes Susanna Trnka. "It wipes out fantasies or running away together to some desert island and completely fulfilling each other's dreams and replaces them with an honest trust in one another."

The last section deals with bisexuals and community. It examines to what extent we belong to a queer movement, is there a bisexual movement and where do we go from here?

Closer to Home deals with many of the issues on the minds of bisexual women. It makes for a great and essential read.

— reviewed by Kristen Hutchinson

COMING OUT STORIES

I knew from the moment I arrived in Montréal that my life had taken a new turn. I wasn't sure where or when, but I certainly knew that something was about to change. And it did.

Like most gay kids from small towns, I suppose I knew I was gay or at least "different" from a very early age, but was conveniently manipulated by society to believe otherwise. I didn't want to believe this about myself, and it certainly wasn't being forced on me, so it was very easy to convince myself (and easier to convince those around me) that I was happily and productively straight.

This mirage had even me fooled for the better part of my life. However a time came when I could no longer deny my identity. Although I had no intention of changing my "image", I began my search for gay culture. And Montréal certainly was an easy place to make the discovery.

I remember the first time I went into a gay bar. This is usually considered a significant step in the coming out process, and certainly was significant for me. It was the now defunct Sécurité Maximum. Let me tell you, nothing in my straight bar-going experience prepared me for this; and I had pretty much thought I knew what it would be like anyway.

I had envisioned a small seedy joint, in a basement somewhere with a low ceiling and lots of cigarette smoke. I expected to see a rather unsavoury crowd of generally old people and the odd young queen snuggling up to him. Sécurité Maximum was not like this.

No, this bar was alive and well- and so big! The place was huge, with three floors of dancing, drinking and fraternizing. I was shocked that this place was crawling with hundreds of young people. People my age and slightly older, but pretty much a university age crowd of young, hot and "normal" looking men.

And I thought are all these guys gay? Unbelievable. I walked around the bar for a good twenty minutes or so and then got really scared. What if someone recognizes me? What if someone tries to follow me out of the bar? What if, what if? I worked myself into a sufficient paranoid frenzy and left.

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Cream genie. That's what a couple of people called me in junior high. I guess because I hit puberty really late, I was initially very effeminate. Maybe I still am. Maybe I don't really care.

So, I slept with everything that moved since I can remember. I never really made a distinction between the sexes. You know, the straightest boys can do the gayest things in the name of pleasure.

Somewhere in there things began to change. I remember asking my mother what a faggot was. She said it was a man who loved other men. She also said that it was a bad word, and not polite. Then she told me that there was nothing wrong with this behavior, and that the proper word was homosexual.

In between that honest explanation and graduation things really got messed up. The kid who had his head together tucked himself away in a surreal nightmare. I realized really quick that fantasies like mine were often punished. So I was careful not to get caught.

I remember having sex with a friend under my bed while my father sat on top, talking to me. At the time, I was flabbergasted that we slipped it by. Now I know that he probably knew, and didn't care, or was just unsure of how to deal with it, deciding not to was the wiser decision.

I remember lusting after my swimming instructor. Why did he always choose me for demonstrations? (Very tanned, very built, very blond and very hot!) I was forced to push any feelings I had deep inside, where they festered. I still liked women, but that like waned. I couldn't kiss men, hold them. I could only have sex with them hurriedly, in secret.

By high school, it had become too dangerous to let anyone new know. I met a couple of nice girls, and dated them for a while. I even fell in love with one of them. But I really think that being closeted as a gay man first hinders any chances at recovering something of my straight identity, at least for a long time. I didn't want what was forced upon me, and I hated feeling trapped in relationships with women I really did love and respect.

I still haven't gone out with a man, and even for all the ranting and raving I do, have yet to make the final step out of my closet. Because deep inside, the feelings I hid so well, Love, Compassion, Caring, for other men and for myself are still bottled away, hiding from a society that has termed them perverse.

Through the help of understanding parents, friends and the university community, I have come to feel much more at ease about myself. But it is a tenuous ease, readily shattered by my and other's anger, venom and insecurity.

Because out there, someone is still calling the little boy cream genie, and even though I don't know what that means (allowable unadulterated schmaltz), I can't help but hear the hate in the voice.

But anything, anything is better than the lonely confines of a closet. A closet that keeps you from your family, friends, and yourself. Coming out is something each person does in their own way, and it is something that all queers will likely continue to do throughout their lives.

I am thankful that I have, and am hopeful that those around me will find the strength to do it themselves.

— James Forbes

I returned back to my "normal" life after my walk on the wild side, with lots of food for thought. This was not at all what I had expected. These people looked like people I wanted to be a part of, not a bunch of freaks to be gawked at. It took a long time before I ever allowed myself to be a part of the community, but it was one of the most rewarding experiences of my life.

I was lucky, I guess. I'm an outgoing and fairly extroverted person, and I managed to make friends easily. From my gay friends I learned some very serious and special lessons. They taught me how to respect myself and those around me., they taught me how to stand up for myself and appreciate my individuality.

For the first time, I felt like I was being who I wanted to be and not who I felt I had to be or should be. And when all was said and done, I had settled into my new "lifestyle", I discovered that I wasn't any different than I had always been. I don't know what kind of scary transformation I was afraid of; I was still the same person. My friends around me seemed to accept it easily enough, it was me that was the one having difficulty making the adjustment.

Coming out is a scary experience, but like most things we are scared of, it is the fear of the unknown that frightens us. The gay community is generally a friendly and supportive environment where you'll find lots of people with experiences just like yours. It is an environment where you'll learn lots of things about yourself and about other people, and eventually you'll find your own place in the community. But talking is the key.

And here I can't overemphasize the importance of friends. Having a support system of people you can talk to when you are lonely, sad or just confused is one of the most important and rewarding investments you can make. Even if they always can't tell you what the right thing to do is, a good friend will know how to just listen and let you find your own solution.

My coming out was and continues to be one of the most rewarding and empowering experiences I've had.

As Robert Frost once said to Guy de Maupassant in a café in Vienna, "...and has made all the difference."

— Craig Landry

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On a good day, I would say coming out was an empowering, educational and thoroughly liberating experience. On a bad day, I would say it really sucked. The whole idea that I have had to explain my physical and emotional attraction to women is something I have resented. I never had to sit down with any friend or member of my family and say, "listen, I like men." But when I came out to myself, I began a process whereby I had to define myself as different from the majority. And I had to deal with how everyone responded to it, good or bad.

So many people have surprised me with their reactions to my coming out that it usually brings to mind pretty good times and a hell of a lot of relief.

Coming out to my sister was the first and the easiest for me. We were having a supposedly hypothetical conversation about how a friend's parents reacted to her coming out. My sister could not understand their ignorance and hurtfulness. So she told me if I decided I was a lesbian, she'd love me the exact same way and she'd be pissed if I didn't tell her. So here's my chance, I thought, and jumped right in. She wasn't surprised, except when she asked how I knew. I think she was pretty shocked at the answer.

My next big chance came with my sister-in-law. By this time, I was out to myself and to the friends I felt very comfortable with, but there were many people I still felt I would shock, or disappoint, or something. So she really threw me when she said, "Hey Kel, I had a dream where you told me you were a lesbian."

I've always been kind of angry with myself for not taking that opportunity and telling her then. I remember feeling "undecided." If I told her, my big, teasing, drinking, football-playing brother, who I love a lot, would also know. Much later, I told them both and was happy with how supportive they were. I had invited them over for homemade black bean soup. My brother, who is a regular meat and potatoes man said, "Hell, I think it's a lot worse that you're eating that soup than you're being a lesbian. I don't care who you go out with but I care what you eat and that's really gross."

Coming out was a gradual process for me. It spanned three years and finished with parts of my family being the last to know. Over a year ago, I told a really close girlfriend who I had been apprehensive about because I was afraid she wouldn't hold my hand anymore. I feel pretty lucky because we still walk around arm in arm (we really like bugging those anal jerks who stare at you like you're drooling on their clothes.)

So much of my coming out has shown me my underestimations about people. But these are the stories I want to remember. I'm trying to forget when my mother told me I was kicking the family in the ass. I try to forget the old friend who told me the thought of two women together was disgusting to her. "Doesn't it feel like you're sucking maggots? Doesn't it smell?" Grrrr, but that's another story.

— Kelly MacCreedy

DRAWING THE LINES OF

LESBIAN

by KRISTEN HUTCHINSON

DRAWING THE LINE was a collection of lesbian sex photographs produced by the Kiss and Tell Collective in 1988-89. This travelling art exhibit consists of photographs of two women engaging in different sexual acts. Women were encouraged to write their responses on the wall, drawing the line where they no longer felt comfortable with the acts depicted. A lively debate over sexually acceptable behaviour was written around each image.

What follows are some excerpts from a presentation given by Lizard Jones, Susan Stewart and Persimmon Blackbridge of Kiss and Tell in Banff last November. They discuss the exhibition, the history of Kiss and Tell, and censorship.

Lizard: Drawing the Line takes place in a context of a culture saturated by photographs, most of which are calculated to elicit a certain reaction. Advertising and the mass media use photography to do everything from convincing us to buy a different brand of shampoo, to convincing us we should be at war.

Susan: And Drawing the Line takes place in a context where lesbians are virtually invisible. Among the innumerable photographs the average person sees in a day, it's almost certain that none of them will be overtly lesbian. And even if you make a point of reading the gay and lesbian press, and frequenting the right bookstores, you could go for years without seeing a picture of lesbian sex.

Persimmon: This show isn't safe. We're not invisible here, and we're not always nice. Why are we deliberately setting out to make images that will upset a lot of people? Why are we walking into the middle of the porn wars when we could be safe at home in bed? None of us loves conflict. Why do we keep doing things like this?

Lizard and I are the models in all the photos. We're both white and able bodied. Lizard is in her thirties, I am in my forties.

When Kiss and Tell first conceived of this show, we talked about involving lots of models for a really diverse show. We decided not to do it like that, for a couple of reasons. Some women who I talked to said it would be a mistake to have a diversity of models when people are invited to write on the walls. They said no way would they put their bodies on the wall to be criticized, and patronized, romanticized and exoticized for being "different" from the majority.

And it's true, we're asking the audience to make judgements. We want the judgements to be about sexual representation, not about whether they think a particular size, shape or colour of woman is "cute" or not. Using the same models in all the pictures limits the judgements to what they're doing and how it is depicted, not who they are and what they look like. Also we didn't want to fall into that kind of sugar coated political tokenism. You know- two of this kind, two of that kind, three more of the other kind- that objectifies the experiences of oppressed peoples.

Lizard: Drawing the Line explores the hazy line between truth or reality and fiction. This is a show about imagery, and images are all fictions in some way, but are all real as images. It's also a show about sex, and we all have value judgements about sex, about when it's real. How do we make these judgements?

Some women have written that the depictions of s/m in Drawing the Line are OK for them because of the obvious love between Persimmon and me. One woman in Toronto wrote the following comment on the wall, "Sex without love equals abuse." "What kind of love?", I wanted to ask her.

I love Persimmon but she's not my lover. Are these photos of abuse then? What about the sex you have with someone you should have broken up with months ago? Is it only real sex if it's good? Is it only real sex if you come, if you touch her cunt? If you say I love you? If no one is watching? If it's a spontaneous expression of love?

The history of Kiss and Tell

Susan: I'll tell you about Kiss and Tell. It started with no name, a big meeting of feminists to talk about what kind of

sexual images we did and didn't like. There were more meetings and it settled into a group of eight or so who met once a week. It turned out we were all artists. It kind of made sense, because as artists we had extra stake in thinking about images.

We met for a couple of years. We had weekly updates on each others' sex and art lives. We each took hours to tell our complete sexual histories. We had to trust each other. We had to know that we could ask each other hard questions. We had to know we could tell the truth and not be rejected.

We made art together. We had a "desire diary" that we passed around from week to week, where we each did collages about the current state of our sex lives. Or we would each start a piece of art about sex and give it to someone else in the group to work on, and someone else, and someone else, until we had all worked on each piece.

Then eventually we all got busy and the group disbanded. Then a few years after, the porn wars were heating up and there was a lot of anger flying, and we needed a place to ask hard questions and tell the truth. So we started up again, and eventually it was Lizard, Persimmon and Susan, talking sex and making art.

Battling the censorship beast

Lizard: Part of our community is fighting for state censorship of sexual imagery, in the form of anti-porn legislation. And part of the community is struggling against the homophobic suppression of gay sex. Sometimes both parts are in the same person. We were all three of us anti-porn activists at one time or another. We picketed porn shops by day, and spray painted them with anti-porn slogans by night. We were leaders of the "correct images only" factions in our women's artists groups.

Persimmon: We knew where we stood. Porn was bad and we were good and people who were worried about censorship were all old fashioned liberal free speakers or selfish sexist faggots. So what happened? How did we lose our answers and end up with endless questions?

One thing was realizing that some of those bad images we saw in anti-porn slide shows turned us on. There was this kind of "women are pure and men are nasty" analysis in these shows, but it just didn't fit. We responded to some of those images. And we hadn't learned our sexuality from porn. We learned it from our families. We weren't pure, we were a complex mixture of rebellion, analysis, and internalized sexism. We had to look at where we really were.

Lizard: Where we come from, the Vancouver Women's bookstore won't carry *On our Backs*, a lesbian magazine from San Francisco, because it's pornographic. While just across town, the gay bookstore had been repeatedly firebombed by right wing vigilantes.

As lesbian feminists, we have had to face the fact that the state is not the only group that decides what we see and read. Laws are not the only way to silence people, and the silencing that comes from our own community, or in the form of bombs can be most effective. And it is hard to fight the censorship within us, the silence that comes from fear, be it fear of a bomb, or for lesbians, fear that the small community we have carved out for ourselves will turn against us.

Censorship is so often billed as a clear cut issue. In my experience censorship and allegations of censorship, are rarely clear cut. It's easy to say we're against censorship. Are we against editorial decision-making? Are we against opinions? Are we against affirmative action? Which is which?

The vast majority of us live in fear and silence, and it is isolating. It stops us from speaking out, even on things that might otherwise be obvious. Why hasn't the feminist community rallied around the firebombed gay bookstore in Vancouver? Not because women condone the bombing, but because the rifts between the communities are already very large, and governed by silence.

Defining degrading and dehumanizing

Lizard: Working on Drawing the Line brought us face to

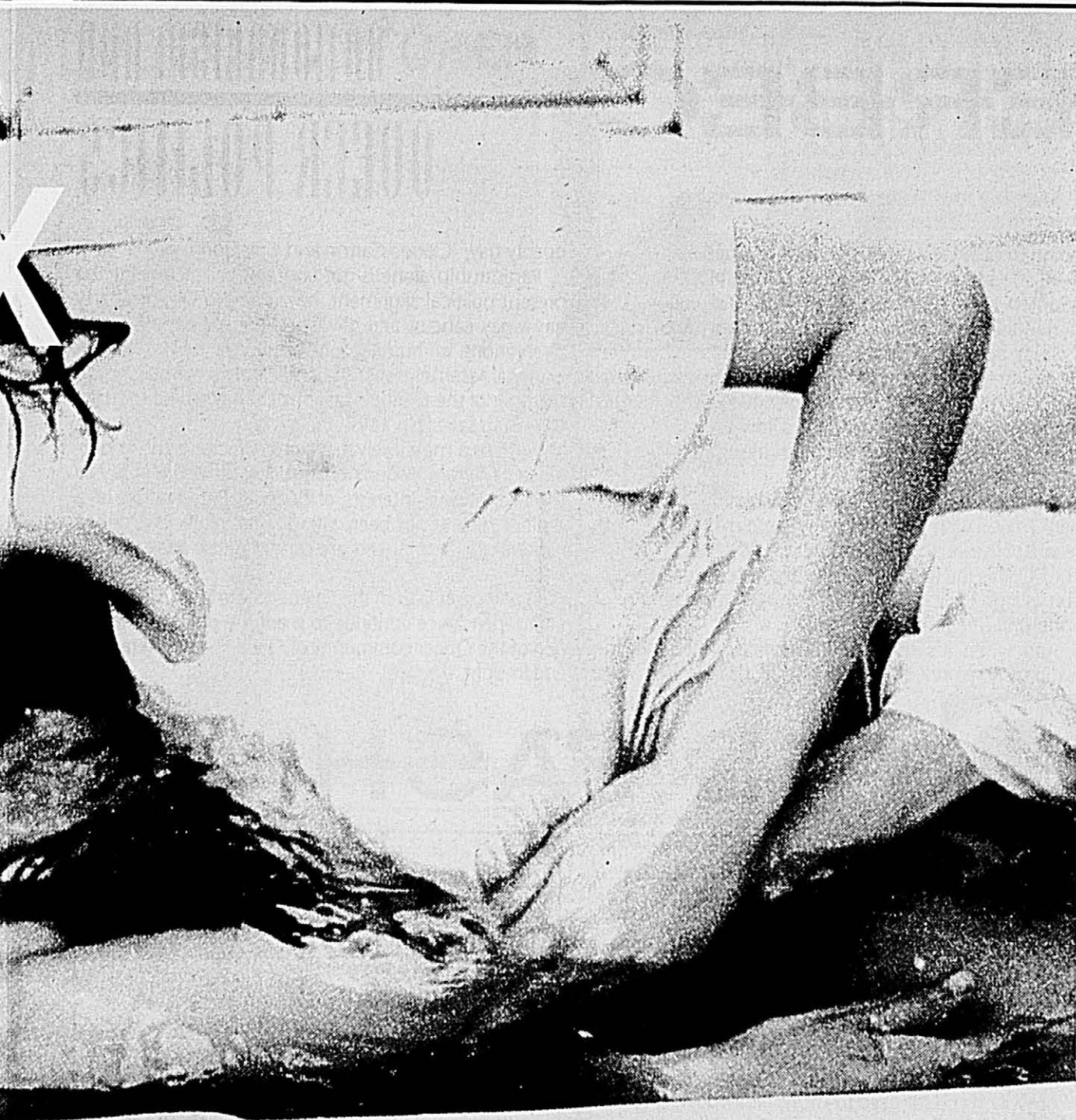


face with the issue of censorship. Photos of ours returning for the States were seized by Canada Customs. The law says that if images have "redeeming artistic or social value" they aren't obscene, but it's up to the artist to prove her work has merit. We weren't willing to pay the financial and emotional costs of a legal battle to have our work released.

Canada Customs regularly seizes books coming to gay and lesbian bookstores. Our bookstores are being pushed to the edge of bankruptcy by this kind of harassment. *The Joy of Gay Sex* was held at the border for two years. In the end it was judged not obscene, but the time and costs of getting it released were still paid for by the bookstores. So even though the law has loopholes for work of educational or artistic values, the way it is applied targets lesbians and gays.

Susan: I could go on. The recent Supreme Court ruling known as the Butler decision, defines obscenity as "images of sex which degrade or dehumanize any of the participants." But who gets to decide what is dehumanizing and degrading? Our friends the police? Our friends the courts? Our friends the custom agents? A few days after the Butler decision came down, the police busted Glad Day Books in Toronto for the lesbian sex magazine *Bad Attitude*. An Ontario court ruled that a group of soft core gay magazines contravened Butler because the sex portrayed was not within long term, monogamous relationships, and was therefore degrading and dehumanizing. The policy of Canada Customs, in written law as well as in practice, is that anal penetration is degrading and dehumanizing. Always. No context, no nothing. This weighs heavily on AIDS education materials, as well as arts and entertainment sex.

And some feminists have their own unique ideas of what is degrading and dehumanizing to others. Just after the Supreme Court ruling, a representative from the Legal Education and Action Fund, a well respected national feminist group, was interviewed on CBC radio. The only two examples of degrading and dehumanizing she gave were a woman with a ring in her nipples and two women having sex like a man and a woman. Is this what our sisters are asking the government to ban? Does she feel that the straight men of the courts and legislature are the ones who should be dictating what sexual images lesbians can produce? Surely these images deserve argument and analysis, rather than government intervention.



Much more attentive and so there. Her breasts were as incredible as I had dreamed them to be. Always tucked behind those great shirts. But now there she was her breasts before me. My eagerness to suck them was my only concern at that very moment. I reached out and cupped them.

I squeezed her nipples gradually, gentle to hard, until she screamed, until she lost her breath. I put my tongue in her mouth, licked her lips and bit. I put my fingers in between her legs.

Then I thought, "Condiments!" I ran to the kitchen and grabbed everything in sight. Chocolate, honey, cayenne pepper, bananas. I was finally going to do it.

I thought about how the taste and feel of each of these would combine with Rebecca's sweet cunt, with the feel of her sweaty and luscious skin. She was waiting for me, her legs teasingly spread as I entered the room. Her eyes brightened at the sight of the bananas and I could hardly keep the dripping from my cunt from falling on the floor, a trail of lust through my bedroom.

I discarded the cayenne pepper in favour of a gentler flavour, perhaps a nice sage and rosemary mix. No, I discarded everything except the banana. I peeled it and rammed it into her cunt. It disintegrated on its way in and I was forced to lick and suck to clean her off. She writhed and moaned. The banana proved good lubricant and I drove my whole fist into her waiting cunt. I fucked her hard as she screamed and twisted, cumming hundreds of times."

That Dildo in the Window

"On a dark, dreamy night, I was walking down the street. Suddenly a pink neon dildo caught my attention—just what I needed. I felt horny and imagined picking up the dildo and playing with this women's body in front of me.

I decided to buy the dildo. As I walked into the store, a very attractive butchie dyke asked, "Can I help you?" I blushed and said in a shaky voice, "I ermmm was admiring that neon dildo in the window, How much is it?" The salesdyke replied, "Oh yeah, that's a hot new item. It glows in the dark and comes in three sizes." She reached into a drawer and picked up the medium sized one.

I wanted, I'm not sure what I wanted or maybe I knew too well. She came over and ran the dildo over my inner thigh. This dyke was the one I had always fantasized about. She made me cum night after night. She rubbed it against me harder. "Can you close the store. I really need a demonstration to convince me of my purchase," I said.

"Sorry, babe," she said. "I really can't close the store. But I guarantee you this dildo is worth the money." She lifted it all the way up my leg and pressed hard on my cunt. I tightened my legs and let out a gasp despite myself. I wanted her now, whether the store was open or not.

She became aloof, perhaps teasing me was a part of the sales pitch. "Will that be cash or credit?" she murmured. This was one hell of a saleswoman. "Cash," I said. I began to wander around the store, trying to cool down a little. I stopped to look at the porn videos. A mixed selection. I felt a hand caressing my back side. I jumped so far I almost knocked over the video display.

The hand continued its journey up my thigh and discovered that there were no panties under my short latex skirt. The hand could feel how wet and slick I was. Then I felt a strange kind of heat. It radiated up my thigh and then I felt something thick and hot in my pussy. It must be the neon dildo. Oh, it felt sooo good. I wanted this for so long. Then I realized that a crowd had gathered.

And much to my chagrin, I realized that she had her baseball cap out on the counter. It was filling fast with quarters and dollar coins. This was a saleswoman par excellence, but I didn't care. I let out a deep groan as she fucked me, one hand moving around to finger my clit. She pumped hard and fast and I let out another deep groan as I came. The audience clapped. I figured she would split the profits with me."

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CREATING THE

LESBIAN EROTIC

by Rachel Rose

The debate about lesbian sexuality seems endless. Do we have sex at all? Do we have long sessions of foreplay? Do we imitate heterosexual sex? Do we like s/m? Do we hate s/m? Do we try to have feminist sex, whatever that is? Is lesbian sex more spiritual, more profound, more loving than het sex? What about casual sex, anonymous sex or lesbian sex clubs? Do lesbians really have multi-orgasmic sex that can last for days at a time, since they don't depend on any man to define the time of the sex act through his erection? Do we merely imitate the oppressive structures of the racist, homophobic and sexist society in which our sexuality developed? What do lesbians DO in bed?

The only safe statement to make is that there are as many forms of lesbian sex as there are lesbians. It will come as no great shock that the lesbian erotic has been violently suppressed for centuries. Images of women's sexuality have been manufactured by and for the satisfaction of straight men. To believe we can entirely separate lesbian desire from the socially oppressive context in which desire is learned is politically naive.

While no sexual practice or partner provides a recipe for political liberation, there is certainly a place for women, for lesbians, to stretch, to reclaim, to create, to appropriate discourses of desire. Many of us are working to challenge the male hegemony of the erotic/the pornographic. Lesbian sexuality is ours! If we don't like what's out there, we can do no better than to produce our own. It's fun, it's subversive, and it's very powerful.

Queers (lesbians, gays, bisexuals and transsexuals) are some of the most influential sexual pioneers. When we don't see what we want or need, we create it ourselves. Lesbians today have a great variety of lesbian manufactured sexually explicit material to choose from. Check out Susie Bright's (aka Susie Sexpert) anthologies *Heretica I and II*, which are some of

the best collections of hot erotic writing out there for women of any and all persuasions and backgrounds. The more literary minded of you will prefer Jeanette Winterson's latest, *Written on the Body*. And who could forget that lovely scene in *Zami* where the young Audre Lorde and her lover Afrekete experiment with fruit.

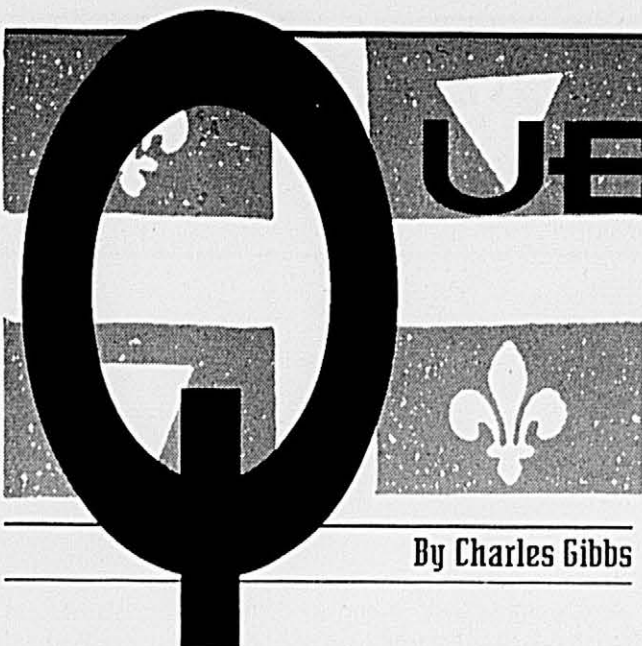
"I took the ripe avocado and rolled it between my hands until the skin became a green case for the soft mashed fruit inside...the oil and sweat from our bodies kept the fruit liquid, and I massaged it over your thighs and between your breasts... a mantle of goddess pear that I slowly licked from your skin."

Clearly, lesbian desire is coming out in all its complexity. Even more exciting than reading lesbian erotica is writing it. Women everywhere are writing their own stories, making their own zines and videos, and loving it. I belong to a lesbian discussion group that recently experimented with writing our own erotica. Since we are a large group, we wrote anonymously, each of us starting a story and passed them on for others to work on. What came out was fascinating, very funny and at points downright hot. Here are three of those stories. Keep in mind that each paragraph was written by a different person.

Bananas are a girl's best friend

"I had thought about Rebecca for months but had never let myself believe she reciprocated my feelings. Talking to her always made my heart beat faster than usual. My heart was pounding as I lay beside her and let myself start to believe. I let my hand roam to her practically bald head, pretending it was only friendly. She responded and moved her hand up my leg, over my hip.

I gasped. My lustful dreams might just come true. I leaned over and kissed her hard on the mouth. She responded by quickly grabbing and stroking my breasts. She was a lot less shy than I had thought.



By Charles Gibbs

A perplexed Québécois recently confided to an acquaintance a dark secret, knowledge of which would cause great strain in his all-male circle of friends. Guilt-ridden, the young misérable whispered "Je suis fédéraliste".

The anecdote serves to underscore the clear reality that lesbian and gay politics among Francophones in Québec is shaped and structured around the national question.

While the rest of Québec society continues to debate the costs of independence versus the possibility of renewed federalism, attitudes in the queer community have overwhelmingly embraced the sovereigntist option to the degree that one can speak of a queer consensus.

This is in sharp contrast to the politicization of queers in English Canada. The issues in debate revolve largely around issues of human rights, social welfare and public safety. In Québec, the national question colours all debate. Furthermore, the political nationalism of queers is mobilized here.

Consider the following:

The only openly gay *député* sitting in the national assembly, André Boulerice, is a member of the Parti Québécois and a vocal member of its' more radical wing.

The Centre-Sud riding, which comprises most of the gay village, has elected PQ members since the party existed.

Fugues and *Le Grand Jaune*, two Montréal gay publications, both have explicitly separatist editorial policies.

The PQ consistently advertises in gay periodicals.

During the October 26 referendum, a group entitled "Gais et lesbiennes pour le Non" actively worked to defeat the Charlottetown accord.

A group of activists have recently formed the Gais et lesbiennes pour l'Indépendance pour le Québec.

The link between queers and nationalist activism in Québec is perhaps best characterized by Pierre Vallières, author of the explosive *Nègres blancs d'Amérique*. Written in the late sixties, it defined the aspirations of Québec independantists for generations and finally awoke English Canada to Québec's quiet revolution.

Also a long standing queer activist, Vallières is presently the director of *Le grand jaune*, Montréal's monthly queer newsmagazine which is affiliated with the Centre Communautaire des lesbiennes et Gais de Montréal.

According to Vallières, "a very large majority of gays are separatists, it's certain. There is a clear link between homosexual and national politics in Québec, because, in both cases, there's the search for identity: the individual identity and the collective identity."

This juxtaposition is facilitated, for Vallières, by the more accepting nature of queer culture in Québec.

"Québec society appears to be more tolerant than English Canada, or even that of the United States. The environment is less menacing for the gay people of Québec than elsewhere" he said.

The nationalism of Vallières, however, is territorially, rather than ethnically oriented; he seeks a societal project that is based on human rights within the sovereign borders of Québec.

Vallières does not claim to identify this civic nationalism as the norm within the gay community, however, noting that ethnic and linguistic groups are less likely to be included in the nationalism of the average queer Québécois de souche. Indeed the nationalist politics of the gay community unity in Québec relies as much on the traditional identity of the Québécois as others.

"I notice that during the Crise Autochtone that gay people were as anti-native as the rest of Québec francophone society."

"Concerning the English community of Québec, I think they share the same values as the rest of society. We're not

going to defend the thesis of Alliance Québec."

At the same time, the queer culture of Québec has adopted a North American outlook and culture that distinguishes it from the general populace of the province.

"Gay people in Québec are among those who travel the most, to the US in particular, so one finds within the gay community high level of bilinguals who identify themselves as North American," said Vallières.

This continental attitude has had little effect on political attitudes however.

Beyond identity, part of the explanation for the gay honeymoon with independence cause may be the track record of the independantist parties. As Vallières notes, "The PQ was the first party to incorporate sexual orientation as a grounds of discrimination within the charter of rights and freedom."

And when it's members were first elected to the National Assembly, a full one third of it's members were

DYKE FASHION

by Carellin Brooks

When I told a friend I was writing an article on dyke fashion, she said "But that's an oxymoron."

Or as Diane Dimassa, creator of *Hothead Paisan*, advises, "P.S.: Go easy on the Birkenstocks."

We all know what the essential trendy dyke outfit looks like. The fact that it is also the essential fag outfit, the essential student radical outfit, and the essential alternative scene outfit leads to some confusion.

Anyway, if you still need to know, here's how: cut off all your hair, get a pair of jeans, some Docs, a leather biker jacket and an enormous white T-shirt festooned with the slogan of your choice; wear repeatedly, regardless of season.

However, I feel duty-bound to point out that you will probably meet more women if you do not dress in the regulation outfit, if only because complete strangers will approach you in bars to inquire kindly as to which rural area you are from.

There's only one thing wrong with dyke fashion orthodoxy, and that has to do with the word that's tragically missing from most dykes' fashion vocabularies: breasts. We got 'em, we like 'em, and we should (speaking strictly for myself, of course) be able to see 'em.

I have known women for years before discovering, due to a chance encounter in the bathroom, that they are the proud possessors of D-cups, and it is all the fault of those damned baggy white T-shirts. Do us all an incalculable favour and leave the shirt home the next time you go out. It's fun, it's impeccably feminist, and you will meet lots of new people.

Although, since it's lesbians we're talking about here, maybe not. I have to say that I took off my top at Gay Pride in Toronto this year and was immediately surrounded by hordes of clapping, cheering...men. The lesbians in the crowd would glance over only long enough to establish that I was, indeed, partially naked, then carefully refrain from ever looking in my direction again. Ladies, please! Objectify me!

As an added benefit, mass lesbian toplessness might make some women realize that we are *all* mortified by: a) the large black hairs on our nipples, b) the relative lopsidedness of our breasts, and c) the peculiar shade of our aureoles. (Women you may have seen who do not possess such characteristics are genetic mutants. Pity them.)

Okay, so arrest and a hefty fine are not your idea of a proper sacrifice for the sisterhood. (Traitor.) At least show them off, for Goddess' sake. Remember that old saying about packing? Pack as little as you possibly can, then leave half behind? It works the same way with décolleté. Select a regular shirt, unbutton it as low as you possibly dare, and then that much again. Trust me on this one. Women everywhere will love you for it.

What else should the properly dressed dyke wear?

openly gay: Claude Carron and Guy Gorin.

Partisanship alone is not enough to account for the present political alignment, however: No Québec party has a gay caucus, and gay issues are still debated with reservations in hushed tones. Queer politics at the National Assembly remain abated, and no corresponding member of the Québec government has served to make gay issues salient in a systematic way.

Perhaps a more likely explanatory factor is the importance of culture, including language, art and identity to the professional interests of queers. Preservation of a distinct society has been a traditional plank of Québec nationalism, and Queers are central to the arts community.

In any case, faith in the Québec State and the dreams of independence continue to mark the political orientation of the Queer community of Québec, and there is no end in sight.



Skirts are a non-traditional option, but they can have disastrous side effects, such as a simpering walk and the inexplicable compulsion to laugh at men's jokes. Counteract such encoded female tendencies by perfecting the Gorilla Walk, one I learned from an old boyfriend back in the days when I was younger and more foolish: with legs wide apart, stomp stiffly down the street, hunching your shoulders and allowing your fists to drag gently over the ground. Phew. Your gender-bending is assured.

Then there's the matter of your haircut. A woman's position in the coming-out process can be gauged but the following approximate guide. Long hair, never cut: Hopeless. Has been with the same boyfriend for years; unaware options even exist. Chin-length hair: same boyfriend, but is casting increasingly longing glances at best girlfriend. Modified bob, shaved at the bottom: has convinced self that one-year relationship with said girlfriend has absolutely nothing to do with gender, only with what a unique, special person she is. Two inches or less: has arrived, and is never looking back. Buck the trend and leave your hair be. There are lots of long-haired lesbians around, only nobody notices because they don't look like dykes.

A final hint for you girls: Morgan Fairchild will never make a convincing lesbian, and it's because of her fingernails. I won't venture to say more than that in a mixed newspaper, but if you still don't understand, get a dyke you know and love to explain it to you. Preferably in bed.

BISexual WOMEN, LESBIANS AND SOUTH ASIAN IDENTITY



by Rima Banerji

South Asian society is no more patriarchal than any other society, including Western society. We do not have a monopoly on misogyny, homo/lesbophobia, conservatism, instant karma. These are racist notions and need to be dispelled.

So I will speak of the problems facing women in the South Asian context as only one example of the kinds of problems women of colour in various societies face.

There are parallels between what is expected of Western women and South Asian women. Religious texts outlining desirable qualities associated with the

feminine have been translated into a mythic Ideal of Womanhood.

In a South Asian framework, the primary conditions for fulfilling this ideal are reflected in middle-class culture. This generated the false construct of a monolithic South Asian ideology which denied diversity, instead encouraging women to adopt the values of the Brahmin elite.

While a wide variety of female imagery existed in literature, certain images were carefully selected as suitable for women to follow in order to maintain the status quo. The prerequisites for successful womanhood are virginity, the acquisition of a husband and children (the two are not mutually exclusive) and sacrifice to the family.

Rejecting heterosexuality and expressing a desire for independence and female

companionship are courageous acts which aroused fear and contempt from mainstream society. To shun definition through the male was to deny one's own place in the community.

But we have been resisting this oppression for thousands of years. Lesbians have always existed in South Asia. There is acknowledgement of lesbian sex in the Kama Sutra, and certainly in the more liberated matrifocal tribes lesbianism was an acceptable lifestyle.

Even in the rigid confines of mainstream society, women refused to suppress their sexuality and bravely defied convention. There were the ganikas, who rejected marriage and were sophisticated, intelligent,

strong women, surviving economically as prostitutes but living independently nevertheless. It is definitely possible that some of them were lesbians. However, this part of herstory has been concealed to further render us invisible.

Currently it is estimated that 5% of South Asians are gays, lesbians and bisexuals. This means that on the subcontinent we number at least 50 million! However, according to Indian law, which is a remnant of British rule, homosexuality is illegal.

A curious phenomena has occurred: while legally we are denied rights, socially it is much easier to express affection with members of the same sex; in the west the opposite is true.

We have been dehumanized as females. In addition, bisexuals and lesbians of colour have not been visible in literature, art, or other media until very recently. We have also been subjected to the racism of white gay and lesbian communities.

Another difficulty arises within the South Asian community itself. We are denied our rich lesbian pasts and accused of being polluted by western ideas. There are many of us who feel pride in our cultural identity, but cannot retain ties with our communities since our sexuality is seen as betrayal.

So either we alienate ourselves and speak out, or keep these crucial links but censor our speech. It is disturbing that we, who have worked in independence movements, anti-racist struggles, and other liberation politics, have never been addressed legitimately. So we need to create new spaces, new homes, with chosen families.

It is sad that we are not even seen as women when we are lesbians and bisexuals, that strong women who define themselves are somehow "unnatural". Worse, there is a strange fear of being "insulted", of being called a lesbian! (Personally, I'd take it as a compliment).

We embrace, celebrate and take pride in our love for other women, and this is the strength which will allow us to resist, in the worthy tradition of those who came before us. Their courage is the core of our determination to survive. (Thank you, sisters!)

COMING OUT AS BISexual IN THE QUEER MOVEMENT

By Kristen Hutchinson

I remember as a teenager that my boyfriend's mother, who was generally very homophobic, had a particular hatred of bisexuals. One day she said to me, "bisexuals are worse than gays. They can't choose. They're like dogs who are unable to decide which bush to relieve themselves on." Although I had yet to come out, even to myself, this stuck in my head.

This sentiment that one must choose to be attracted emotionally or physically to only one sex is not limited to the straight world. Lack of understanding of bisexuality still exists in the lesbian and gay community. This is not to say that this isn't changing. With the inclusion of bisexuals in group and publication names, we are made to feel more welcome.

Without the lesbian and gay movement, we as bisexuals might never have come out or had our same-sex relationships respected or recognized. We have a lot to be thankful for in the accomplishments of the queer movement. With this said, it is important that the inclusion of bisexuals go beyond mere names. There needs to be a more comfortable environment for bisexuals to speak out.

At a recent national conference of the Canadian student press, an incident in the Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual resource room brought out this point. At the end of the first meeting, one person said, "Are there any bisexuals here?" We put up our hands sheepishly as if admitting to some heinous crime. "Do you want your issues discussed?" she asked. What the fuck? At an alleged lesbian and bisexual discussion group, a climate where the assumption that everyone is lesbian pervades. I don't want bisexual issues to be at the top of the agenda all the time, but I would like to feel comfortable.

Bisexuals have much to contribute and share as we fight against anti-queer oppression. A queer movement can only become stronger with the inclusion of bisexuals who stand up for queer rights.

Dispelling the myths

Bisexuals are not traitors to the queer movement because we sleep with or are attracted to members of the opposite sex. We are not straight voyeurs taking a ride past the Queer Reading Railroad. We are an integral part of the queer movement. As part of the queer movement we need to feel part of the queer community. Just as we do not want to feel forced to hide our lesbian or gay side to the straight world, it is important that our attraction to the opposite sex is accepted in the queer world.

If I'm seeing a man, it doesn't make me any less queer. My heart still pounds when I see an attractive woman on the street or in a dyke club. It doesn't necessarily stop me from fantasizing about, wanting to be with, or having sex with women.

In a world of dichotomies, we are forced to choose. Be lesbian or heterosexual, feminine or masculine, strong or weak, dominant or submissive. Why not be both?

Being in a heterosexual relationship as a bisexual feminist woman has its own particular pitfalls. Your queerness is doubly hidden. You are always assumed to be heterosexual and must always be telling people, "hey, don't assume I'm straight." How do you come out to your male partner's parents?

Being in a het relationship makes it all the more important to assert one's sexuality. To destroy the myth that one is either/or and that there is no in between. It is a fight every bisexual must take up in an attempt to challenge the heterosexist and homophobic attitudes of those around us.

Bisexuals are capable of being monogamous and nonmonogamous. We are not necessarily throw backs to the seventies swingers who sleep with couples or anyone they can get their hands on. Recently, while looking for a roommate, I realized that this view of bisexuals still exists. When I told the man on the phone that I was bisexual he took it as a space in which to

proposition me to sleep with him and his girlfriend.

A normal chat about apartment sharing turned into a discussion about sharing his bed. He was definitely an all around creep, but if I hadn't mentioned my sexuality he would not have had the opportunity to harass me. It freaked me out and I felt like charging right back into that closet. Just because we say we are bisexual does not mean we are free game to every person on the planet. It also doesn't mean we are attracted to absolutely everyone we meet.

The process of coming out

Coming out as bisexual can be a difficult process. Dealing with feelings for women and being with or being attracted to men can be very confusing. I had to come to terms with those feelings, to reexamine my life. I had to deal with issues of monogamy, sex, and a whole new world of seeing women as sexual beings. I had to learn to accept myself as bisexual. It was a long struggle, but, when I did come out to myself, the overwhelming feeling was one of relief.

Coming out to my friends came naturally. I don't remember how it happened, but they all of a sudden knew and were fine with it. I discovered that many of my women friends were bi too and spend many hours talking about it. Recently I told a woman who I've been friends with since I was eight years old. I was nervous about how she would react, but she said, "Yeah, I knew that already. I was just waiting for you to tell me."

The process of coming out never ends. Everytime I meet someone or make a new friend, I have to decide whether I will tell them or not that I'm bisexual. I don't always come out and say it point blank but I might talk about women I find attractive, and queer events or bars that I'm planning to go to. There are still many people in my life that I haven't told, family and friends. If you're reading this article, surprise—or maybe it's not so surprising.

YAKHDAY: ON BEING GAY AND JEWISH



Discrimination and violence against lesbian, gay, and bisexual Jews is practiced and is vigorously enforced in our everyday lives. When we refer to discrimination, we refer to more than legal discrimination; we refer also to interpersonal and institutional practices within and outside of the Jewish community which make us live in fear, fear for our safety, for our very lives and for our well-being.

When we talk of violence, we include more than just the hitting, beating, and killing that we are collectively subject to not because we are gay or lesbian, but because we are oppressed by those people who forcefully and ignorantly refuse to allow our existence.

We are also talking of other social practices of enforcing our fear of coming out into life and of remaining alive and well when we do: tauntings, threats, persistent "innocent" jokes, cutting words of avowed hatred, and yet most of all, silence — that which is not said, and inaction — that which is not done.

The resounding silence and forceful inaction arises from the "common-sense" assumption that we don't exist and that we shouldn't exist. And that if we come into existence, that we are not allowed the human right and freedom to be acknowledged, heard, believed, active and visible in public.

We are referring to the violence of that silence and inaction practiced by people who are not lesbian, gay or bisexual with the complicit powerful backing of social institutions, including this government and its agencies.

Within the Jewish community

Those forms of discrimination specific to the Jewish lesbian, gay and bisexual community include: teaching Jewish religious texts through anti-lesbian and anti-gay interpretations which are unaccountable to the ethical dimensions. The same texts which denounce oppression and which impel us to arise against it. We are excluded from community organisations, institutions and religious activities.

Indifference to discrimination and violence against lesbian and gay Jews and non-Jews is rife. Lesbian and gay Jews in Jewish history and in the presence of Québec Jewish life have been invisible. Family members also sit "shiva" for daughters and sons who have come out as lesbian or gay, considering them dead.

Three unsensational actual examples from everyday life: a Montréal rabbi of a Conservative synagogue refuses to mention anything about discrimination and violence towards gay or lesbian Jews in any talk with his congregation because he wants to maintain a "good" relationship with his members.

A Jewish family unceasingly pressures a lesbian daughter to find a boyfriend, marry and have children with him — she is not considered by her family as an adult, complete or a "real" Jew unless she does so.

A Jewish schoolboy is taunted, threatened and beaten by his male Jewish schoolmates because they suspect he is gay.

Supporting Jewish Queers

Several leaders within the Jewish community have redeemed their humanity and accountability to the well-being of all Jews by acting as allies to lesbian, gay and bisexual Jews.

For example, a prominent Orthodox rabbi of Mon-

The Montréal Gay and Lesbian Committee on Violence (tel. 528-8424) is now coordinating reports on about thirty themes relating to discrimination and violence against lesbians, gays, and bisexuals. Compiling the reports into one document, the Committee will then bring it on March 23 to the Québec Human Rights Commission in an effort to get the Commission to hold a public inquiry.

What follows is a report by Yakhdav (Hebrew for Together), a gay and lesbian Jewish group.

by Michael Chervin

tré, during one of the most well-attended religious services of the year, implored his congregation to try to understand and stand by their children, including those children who are gay or lesbian.

A gay and lesbian Jewish group is now an active affiliate of the Montreal YM/YWHA. Such examples are beacons for all members and institutions of the Jewish community — as are the growing number of openly lesbian, gay and bisexual Jews who are speaking, discussing and acting.

Jewish Women

Lesbian Jews cannot lead in most Jewish congregations in Québec because they are discriminated against both as lesbians and as women. In most congregations, their full participation as members in religious services is curtailed by virtue of male privilege.

Traditionally, children are legally entitled to be Jewish through their mother, not their father. This highlights the importance and centrality of women within and to the Jewish community.

However, it is often misused to additionally enforce Jewish women to be heterosexual and to have children within a heterosexual marriage. Ending discrimination

and violence as collectively experienced by lesbian Jews of Québec requires all within the Jewish community to resist and end sexist oppression.

Outside of the Jewish community

Gay, lesbian and bisexual Jews are subject to the general heterosexism and homophobia of the majority society. Four concrete examples of discrimination and violence against us: during May of 1987, near Amherst and Ontario Street in Montreal, the author of this report was subject to a gang of people encircling and taunting him with verbal abuse, and then threatening his life — based on their hatred of gays.

A lesbian Jew fears "coming out" because she fears that it will destroy her chances of having custody of her own children. Another member of Yakhdav was recently fired from his part-time work of being a competent restaurant waiter at the Faubourg, in downtown Montréal, several days after his anti-gay boss asked if he was gay. The owner offered no reasons for the firing of this student.

Another member was forced to move out of and sell his home because his adult neighbour, openly anti-gay and anti-Semitic, threw rocks at and broke windows of his home on three separate occasions.

If not all instances of discrimination and violence against us are reported to the police or to the Quebec Human Rights Commission, it is largely because we are not yet convinced that we can trust the police and the QHRC to act in a way that does not put the blame on our own shoulders or further discriminate against us, let alone to act as our advocates.

Discrimination and violence against us is often subtle and not explicit, making them very difficult for us to "prove" — we thus sometimes consider filing charges or complaints a useless exercise and one which may entail further humiliation and discrimination. In addition, many forms of discrimination and violence against us are not acknowledged and taken into account within existing laws, and thus the issue of law enforcement doesn't always apply.

Finally, we experience discrimination and violence within the majority society not only on the basis of being lesbian, gay, or bisexual (through heterosexism and homophobia) and Jewish (through anti-Semitism), but also on the basis that we include among us women, people of colour, adolescents, elderly people, poor people, immigrants, physically disabled people, people living with HIV and people living with AIDS.

Some lesbian, gay and bisexual Jews of Quebec experience housing discrimination because of xenophobia, as well as racism on the basis of non-white skin colour. Some are forced into grinding poverty because of the government's denial of accessible medications for people with AIDS. Those among us who are female are often subject to devaluation, to exclusion and to violence because of the force of sexism.

Particularly meaningful to us is thus Alice Walker's affirmation that opposition to any oppression "lightens the load on all of us". As lesbian, gay, and bisexual Jews of Quebec, we do not only or simply need acceptance, we need allies and action.

And, as Rabbi Hillel asked, If not now, when?

Michael Chervin teaches graduate courses at McGill's Faculty of Education.

GAIS ET LESBIENNES : À VOS PLUMES ET À LA GUERRE!

Marie-Violaine Boucher

La presse gaie et lesbienne de langue française se trouve actuellement dans un bien piteux état. La fermeture l'automne dernier de *Gai Pied Hebdo*, le seul hebdomadaire du genre, n'a certes rien fait pour améliorer la situation déjà précaire. Si certains mensuels et trimestriels subsistent, ils ne jouissent ni du même réseau de distribution, ni de la même crédibilité que les publications de langue anglaise.

L'étroitesse du marché francophone explique en grande partie cette situation. Les débouchés sont peu nombreux et les profits difficiles à réaliser. Il est donc hors de question d'envisager la publication d'un format idéal, c'est-à-dire d'un hebdomadaire sur papier glacé à prix modique (comme *Gai Pied hebdo*).

Il faut se contenter soit d'un mensuel (avec des nouvelles passées date), soit de papier journal (beurk! on s'en met partout!), ou encore payer le gros prix. Rien n'y fait : encore une fois, on doit se rabattre sur les revues couleur américaines si l'on veut être dans le coup.

Publications québécoises

Actuellement, les publications gaies et lesbiennes de langue française se comptent sur les doigts de la main. La France ne nous envoie plus que *Lesbia Magazine*, destiné uniquement aux lesbiennes, et *Illico*, un guide à l'usage des gais. Le Québec publie le reste et, encore une fois, ce ne sont que des miettes!

De toutes les publications québécoises, *La Revue 13*, qui s'adresse aux femmes, est la seule à vivre d'autre chose que de ses revenus publicitaires. Elle se vend 4,50\$, mais ne compte qu'une vingtaine de pages et paraît seulement quatre fois par année. Certes, elle contient des articles de fond, parfois intéressants, mais son format 8.5 cm par 14 cm sur papier recyclé n'a rien d'attrayant.

Pour les hommes, il y a *RG*, un mensuel distribué gratuitement un peu partout à travers le Québec. Plus complet que *La Revue 13*, il comprend des dossiers, beaucoup d'information concernant la communauté gaie de tout le Québec, des BD, des chroniques littéraires, artistiques et touristiques, de même que l'incontournable "coin des rencontres".

Cependant, il a le défaut d'être publié sur du papier journal extrêmement salissant et, cela va de soi, d'être en noir et blanc (oups! et vert nanan aussi).

Bien sûr, il y a *Fugues*, que tout le monde glisse dans sa poche à la sortie des bars. Mais comme l'avoue son rédacteur en chef, Martin Hamel, la revue est plus un guide qu'autre chose. Elle se compose à 75 p. cent de publicités, destinées presque exclusivement aux gais. Mis à part peut-être les photos publicitaires de beaux mâles musclés et bazanés qui font phantasmer avec ou sans bière, c'est du toc.

Et comme la formule fonctionne, Hamel n'a pas l'intention de se lancer dans les articles de fond. Les chroniques de Mado Lamotte et de Claudine Metcalfe, les rubriques cul-cul

genre horoscope suffisent, sans oublier la couverture photo de ce qui se passe dans les bars et clubs de Montréal.

Tout au plus, Hamel a l'intention d'étendre la distribution de *Fugues* (déjà 30 000 exemplaires) aux États-Unis, là où la communauté gaie passe ses vacances.

En tout dernier lieu paraît *Lesbo Info*, un bulletin d'information mensuel pour les lesbiennes de Montréal. On le prend, on le colle sur le réfrigérateur, on souligne au crayon feutré les activités à venir qui nous intéressent; c'est bien pratique mais il ne s'agit évidemment pas d'une revue.

La Grand Jaune

De ce dédale de pseudo-revues plutôt insatisfaisantes jaillit *La Grand Jaune*, qui a vu le jour en septembre 1992 et dont le coordonnateur, Pierre Vallières - un ancien felquiste et aussi auteur des *Nègres blancs d'Amérique* -, a de grandes ambitions. Distribué gratuitement à Montréal, à Québec et en région, le journal s'est donné pour mandat de combler le vide qui existe depuis un peu plus de 5 ans dans la presse gaie engagée.

On sait qu'en 1988 l'équipe de *Sortie*, un mensuel sérieux, sur papier glacé - et payant - mettait la clef dans la porte après avoir connu des problèmes d'ordre financier. *Sortie* prenait lui-même la relève de *La Berdache*, un autre journal socio-culturel engagé, en place de la fin des années 1970 jusqu'en 1983. Seulement, depuis 1988, aucun journal n'avait pris la relève.

Pierre Vallières, qui a longtemps

travaillé comme journaliste pour *La Presse* et *Le Devoir*, a mijoté le projet de *La Grand Jaune* pendant près d'un an. Son idée est de former une solide équipe de journalistes et d'augmenter la fréquence de parution du journal (six pour sa première année), en mettant l'accent sur la qualité et la crédibilité. Son grand rêve serait de publier un hebdomadaire de l'importance de *Voir*, à l'intention des gais et lesbiennes. Cependant, il sait pertinemment qu'il faut du temps et surtout des fonds importants.

Car pour le moment, *La Grand Jaune* vit de publicité et de contributions bénévoles. Certaines personnes, dont Vallières, consacrent près de 40 heures au journal chaque semaine. C'est beaucoup et M. Vallières espère pouvoir bientôt créer des emplois rémunérés qui permettront

d'assurer une certaine stabilité au journal.

Si le professionnalisme des journalistes qui écrivent en ce moment laisse parfois à désirer, on peut déjà constater une amélioration depuis le premier numéro de septembre. Avec du temps et l'apport de collaborateurs et collaboratrices extérieur-es plus expérimentés, *La Grand Jaune*, sans aucun doute, gagnera en qualité, en crédibilité et aussi en visibilité.

Car contrairement à la majorité des publications gaies et lesbiennes, le journal ne se veut pas agressif dans son approche ni dans les photos qu'il publie. Peut-être servira-t-il de lien entre les regroupements gais et la population en général? Il est maintenant distribué dans les Maisons de la Presse internationale... « et ça marche! », se réjouit Vallières.

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CREATING THE LESBIAN EROTIC

Continued from page 9

Three Fingers in Willamena

"I waltzed into the local dyke café/bar. The atmosphere there is always a little intimidating. So many women, chatting and eating. A sudden silence always overtakes me.

Silence-nothing like the night before. I remembered the moans and cries, bellowing from my gut, our bodies bathed in sweat. Willamena knew how to get me going.

She would whisper in my ear, with her husky voice, tell me how she would like to slowly tease me with her soft warm touch.

She would caress me with her soft lips, run her fingers through my hair, laugh carelessly as her hands explored my intimately secret contours, my shoulders, ribs, stomach.

Then she would kiss me delicately and chain me to the fireplace. I never minded. The fire wasn't going- it was summertime and I just went wild having my hands bound over my head. With my eyes blindfolded, I never knew where her mouth would next meet my skin. I tried to guess, to anticipate her tongue between my legs, to imagine where I would next feel her teeth.

I shook myself out of my daydream of last night's events and scanned the café. There was Willamena and she was talking with another

woman. "Play it cool," I thought. "Don't be jealous." The blond woman with Willamena smiled at me. Maybe I could have them both, tonight, at the same time.

I sat down, ordered a coffee and continued to daydream. First Willamena pulled and twisted my nipples and the blond woman teased me with her fingers lightly ruffling my muff and then rubbing her finger quickly against my clit. They took me down and forced me to service them, three fingers in the cunt of one and mouth on the clit of the other.

I succumbed to the power of being controlled, being forced to obey. What more could I do but pump all three fingers harder and lick deeper. I had both of them at my mercy.

While my daydream overtook me, Willamena went to dance with the blond woman. I watched them giggling and caressing each other's backs. They kissed long and hard and turned to look at me. Their eyes were fixed on me as Willamena's hand roamed on that woman's ass.

I approached them and nonchalantly asked how they were doing. No sooner said, we were on our way to a dark corner. I felt Willamena's hand on my breast as I was quickly introduced to her new companion. I did not waste time and cupped the nearest breast I could find and slipped my hand down to Willamena's sound firm butt. Could this really be happening?"

This Saturday, McGill will get a taste of the local indie rock scene, META and CKUT are presenting **ROCK FOR SQUIRRELS**, a benefit for Urban Wildlife Advocates featuring unreconstructed punks The Ripcordz, Ska-crazy Ellam for Zoë, tuneful punks Les Stups, The Clash City Rockers (you're never too young for nostalgia), Lord Quagmire and Laverne (come and find out for yourself what they're about). It's in the Ballroom of the Starship Delightful Studios, 3480 McTavish St. and proceeds go to help feed and recuperate injured critters.

classified ads

Ads may be placed through the Daily business office, Room B-17, Union Building, 9h00-14h00. Deadline is 14h00, two working days prior to publication.

McGill Students (with valid ID): \$3.50 per day, 4 or more consecutive days, \$2.50 per day. McGill Employees (with staff card) \$4.50 per day, 4 or more consecutive days, \$3.50 per day. All others: \$5.00 per day, or \$4.00 per day for 4 or more consecutive days. (Prices do not include applicable GST or PST). For more information, please visit our office in person or call 398-6790 - **WE CANNOT TAKE CLASSIFIED ADS OVER THE PHONE.**

The Daily assumes no financial responsibility for errors, or damage due to errors. Ad will reappear free of charge upon request if information is incorrect due to our error. The Daily reserves the right not to print any classified ad.

To Advertise, please come in person to Union B-17.

1 - Housing

To rent, beautiful, large 4 1/2 apartment. Quiet, furnished, heating & electricity included. Washing facilities. 5 minutes walk to Royal Victoria Hospital and McGill. Facing Mount Royal Park. Near restaurants & shops. 843-5703.

1 1/2 apartment for rent now on Lorne near Prince Arthur (2 mins. from McGill). Heating, electricity, water, stove, fridge, sink included. 499-2049. Leave message.

Sublet 3 1/2, March 1 to August 31 1993, Renewable, LARGE, HEATED, 9th floor, down view, large balcony, indoor pool, doorman, laundry, sun deck, sauna, corner Milton/University. Rent \$395 (regularly \$554) 842-7836 (after 6 p.m.).

Room for rent in apartment near corner of Decarie and Sherbrooke (\$250/month) Simone: 484-7110.

Single bedroom apt. for rent at a reasonable rate, minutes from McGill, 749-5735, 484-5961, 3650 Mountain #101, good view, bright, clean, very quiet, parking available.

2 - Movers/Storage

Moving/Storage. Closed van or truck. Local and long distance. On-Tor-Van-NY-Fla. 7 days 24 hours. Cheap. Steve 735-8148.

3 - Help Wanted

Earn \$300+/week part time. International Company specializing in weight loss and nutrition needs. Individuals to work in Montreal. Need not be bilingual. Call 845-0302.

Distributors needed. Personal security device to ward off potentially dangerous individuals. Call 932-9126.

MODELS WANTED. Creative Photos Studio is currently holding free test shots (photo sessions) for aspiring male and female models. For interview call: 874-7624 or 874-7625.

WANTED: Translator from English to Arabic. Work submitted on Macintosh. Call 696-9310, 9-5PM. **WANTED:** Translator from English to German. Work submitted on Macintosh. Call 696-9310, 9-5PM.

Now hiring experienced tree planters for the B.C. spring season, to work on a high production crew. Call Andrew at 286-1329.

New Forest/coast range hiring experienced planters for Thunder Bay area. Union contract: good tree prices, accommodations, travel pay, etc. work available out west afterwards. 982-3334.

Tree Planting British Columbia Spring '93. Call Joe (514) 278-4645.

RUN YOUR OWN BUSINESS NEXT SUMMER! College Pro Painters seeks dynamic, energetic (fluently bilingual) individuals to manage suburban franchise (South Shore). Average profit \$9 500. Applications 287-9091 (h), 398-6790 (w) Olga.

5 - Typing Services

Success to all students in '93. WordPerfect 5.1. Term papers, resumés. 24 yrs. experience. \$1.75 double space, 7 days/week. Rapid service. On campus - Peel/Sherbrooke. Paulette Vigneault or Roxanne 288-9638, 288-0016.

SPRING BREAK in the SUN? NOT unless you get your typing done... \$1.50/double-spaced page. Call Bruce at 676-6996.

WORD PROCESSING. 937-8495 Term papers, resumés, manuscripts, correspondence (Laser Printer) 9:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. (Atwater).

RESUMÉS by MBA's. Student rates. Better Business Bureau Member. 3000+ students served. Owner worked for Procter & Gamble, Heinz and General Foods. PRESTIGE (on Guy) 939-2200.

WORD PROCESSING of term papers, theses, reports, etc. Experienced. WordPerfect 5.1, Laser Printer. Reliable, accurate, fast. Good rates. Close to McGill. Call Brigitte 282-0301.

6 - Services Offered

NATIVE AMERICAN LORE. Bow, peace pipe, drum making; tipi; sweat lodge, tracking ceremonies. Wilderness setting. **ADULTS:** 1 week courses, May 16, Sept. 19, Oct. 3, 1993. Reduced fees for students. **YOUNG PEOPLE'S** Camp (ages 8-16), June 20/27 - July 23. **SCHOLE,** Margaree Valley, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, BOE 2C0. (902) 248-2601; in Toronto (416) 244-5247.

TEACH ENGLISH IN TAIWAN Summer jobs, Full/Part-time or finance part of travels. Info on accommodations, 22 schools-addresses, pay. Visitor's Visa etc. Send \$7 cash/cheque to: TEACHINTAIWANINFO KIT, Suite 165, 615 Mount Pleasant Road, Toronto, M4S 3C5.

Psychotherapy for women or men survivors of incest, sexual abuses or physical abuses in childhood, stress, burn-out, suicidal, break the silence. Use Rivard M.Sc. 521-0101.

Writer's Block? Professional help available to put your thoughts on paper. Editing for essays, term papers, theses. 274-7427.

Free Headshot Sessions for actors, actresses, musicians, comedians, etc. For a limited time only. For an appointment Call Creative Photos, 874-7625 or 874-7624.

For you at 65! A dozen haddock. **Write NOW to:** The Imperial Consolidated But Rather Fish-Oriented Insurance Co.

Macintosh Tutoring: From basics to high-end applications. Microsoft Word, FreeHand, PageMaker, File Management, etc. 457-3639 evenings or leave message.

7 - Articles For Sale

Garage Sale! Great cheap furniture!! Sat. Feb. 13 only, 10-3 pm. Chairs, tables, desk, etc... 335 Clarke Ave., Apt. 24, Westmount. Don't miss your chance!

Computer for Sale. 286 IBM compatible, 10Mhz, 40Mb hard disk, brand new VGA monitor, dot matrix printer, modem. \$650 neg. Call Owain 286-1329.

Nikon FE camera with 50mm f1.8 lens. Vivitar flash, lens hood, polarizer, skylight filter. Asking \$300. Call 486-4198 after 6 p.m. or 398-6790 daytime. Ask for Marian.

Child's car seat & car booster seat for sale - best offer. Call 486-4198 after 6 p.m. or 398-6790 daytime. Ask for Marian.

8 - To Give Away

Welshman will exchange 1927 mint condition bronze Halfpenny for one exactly the same. **Pointless Swaps Ltd., Swansea.**



Have some news to share? 398-6246.

11 - Lost & Found

Found: Necklace at S.O.T.W. concert. Call and identify: 939-1346.

12 - Personal

To guy at gym w/black "split" cap, earrings, bright eyes... Sometimes we smile I want to say "Hi", but I'm too shy! Also at D. Deuce, Sat. Feb. 6. I'm away 'til 3/2 but then let's break some ice, OK?

13 - Lessons/Courses

Excel for Windows. Learn to use MS Excel\Win. Student rate \$100. Taught by professional. Compare at \$180-\$250 elsewhere. Phone 985-4370.

"Law School Bound?" For information about a complete manual designed to guide you through every step of the law admissions process - Call 1-800-661-LSAT (5728).

14 - Notices

Want to work abroad? International Cooperation Information Day, Monday, February 15, 11:00-2:30. Latin American food and crafts from around the world on sale. Union 107.

Protect Yourself. Personal attack devices - designed to be very effective protector. Added security against harassment or attack. \$30. Free delivery. 932-9126.

As a full time student, you are a member of the Québec Public Interest Research Group (QPIRG) at McGill. If you wish to relinquish your membership in this organization and claim your \$3.00 refund, please come in person to Room 505 of the Eaton Building between 1:00 p.m. and 5:00 p.m. from February 1st to 19th, 1993.

CAR RALLY. Second of three winter navigational events. Saturday, Feb. 13. Registration 17h00; 1st car out at 18h30, Ange Gardien, Exit 55, Autoroute 10. Beginners welcome. \$15 per car. Call Sports Motor Car Club, 765-0041.

Newman Centre. 3484 Peel, a warm, fun place to meet and worship. 5 pm Saturdays, 11 am Sundays. All are welcome. Come and join us. 398-4106.

Hey Y'all - LBGM meeting is being held Thursday, Feb. 11 at 6:30 in room 435 - Be there - it's always a big party!

META Benefit Concert for urban animal advocates. Performances by Ripcordz, Clash City Rockers, Ellam for Zoe, Laverne, Les Stups, Lord Quagmire. Union Ballroom, Sat., Feb. 13, 8 p.m. McGill Students \$6 advance at Sadie's/\$7 door. Info: 345-5679.

Paris/London starting at \$439 for May. Best price guarantee! Daytona \$249. Discount Travel 861-3335.

Iguana Tours - presents Springbreak '93 Daytona Beach Florida. Come join the party. Bus & Hotel \$249 - Hotel \$119 - Flights available. For info. call Chris 672-9018. Feb. 20-27.

The Hottest Daytona Package! From \$179. No gimmicks. The best party, the best price! Incl.: Pool, TV, AC, phone, pool parties, etc. Call Rajesh 284-5277.

DAYTONA BEACH SPRINGBREAK! Break away to the hottest action in Daytona! Stay in one of the newest motels on the ocean, rated excellent, beach volleyball, free MTV, pool, refrigerators, special promotion. CALL NOW! 1-800-682-0919.

Want to Talk? LBGM (Lesbians, Bisexuals, Gays of McGill) sponsors two discussion groups at the Yellow Door, 3625 Aylmer (above Milton) on Fridays. A coming out support group meets at 5:30, and a discussion group meets at 7. A great way to find out about yourself & others.

Confused or Curious? LBGM (Lesbians, Bisexuals, Gays of McGill) has restarted peer counselling. Anyone interested in LBGM and/or finding out about their

sexuality can drop by Shalmer Room 417, or call 398-6822. Hours are 7 to 10, Monday through Friday. We're here for you!

16 - Musicians

Experienced clarinetist seeks piano and viola players to form chamber

ensemble for some relaxed and informal music-making. Repertoire negotiable! Call Cress: 845-7188.

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Student Customer Service Committee

As part of the University's systematic review of administrative units, a Review Committee has been struck to review and recommend operating procedures in:

- Office of Admissions (including Scholarships)
- Office of Registrar
- Admissions and Registrar, Macdonald Campus
- Cashier
- Residences

with respect to the efficiency, effectiveness, and "user friendly" character of procedures and staff.

Members of the review committee are:

Professor William Hendershot
Department of Renewable Resources

Mr. Terry Monteiro
Accounting Department

Professor Jim Hogan
Department of Chemistry

Professor Jacques Rebuffot
Department of Education in
Second Languages

Professor Christina Hui-Chan
School of Physical & Occupational Therapy

Ms. Monique Shebbeare
Student
Faculty of Science

Ms. Victoria Lees
Secretary, Secretariat

Ms. Judy Stymest
Student Aid and
International Student
Advisor's Office

Professor Rod Macdonald
Chair, Faculty of Law

Mr. Alan Monfette
Student, Faculty of Graduate
Studies and Research

Ms. Kate Williams
University Relations

Members of the University community are urged to submit their written comments either to the Chair of the committee, Professor Rod Macdonald, Faculty of Law, 3644 Peel Street, or to the Secretary, Ms. Victoria Lees, Secretariat, Room 608, James Administration Building. The Review Committee will be conducting extensive interviews in an attempt to gather information. If you would like to meet with the committee, please contact Lilian Iacobo, University Secretariat, at 398-3948.

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